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The Orangeburg Democrat.

Vol. I.

ORANGEBURG, S. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1879.

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Job Printing

The Peavine Again.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

Tell us, Mr. Editor, why it is that we farmers, having eyes yet see not, or seeing believe not, how others make fine crops, and yet some of us, still seem blindly to plod along in the same old rut, fearing a mishap or some sudden jolt if we attempt to break away from it. For year having witnessed the beneficial effects of a heavy crop of peavines on the succeeding crop, and in the recuperation of worn soil wherever they were accidentally allowed to rot upon the ground and not pulled up or totally fed away, and more recently having observed the beautiful result where they were sown and turned in the past winter, in the more vigorous growth of cotton this year, I have ventured to drop you this hasty paper hoping it may catch the eye of some lazily hesitating or still doubting Judas and stimulate him to put into practice, what others have tried and do heartily recommend, and unhesitatingly say, their crops are greatly improved and their lands are left in much finer condition for succeeding crops. Though almost too late now to derive the full benefit of the plan usually adopted, it is not too late for some time to get a decided improvement in the next crop. It is scarcely necessary after so much has been already said and written about it, to repeat the process practiced by those that have met with success; some may not know it and I write it. It is simply this: Lay off the land in equidistant rows so that one and a half or two bushels of peas per acre can be sown evenly broadcast and well ploughed under, (the later the season the greater quantity of peas should be sown,) and about the middle of October when the weather has grown cool, sow upon the same land one or more bushels of oats per acre, and turn all under nicely together. If there are any ripe peas on the vines—and there will be if planted in time—they remain in the ground the winter through and come up the next spring and when oats are cut, which will no doubt be improved 100 per cent. over the past crop, they go vigorously to growing to cover the ground again with both vines and peas to make the farmer's heart jump with joy at the prospect ahead of him for the next crop. Now, now, whenever it is, is the accepted time, go right at it, or you will lose the opportunity to increase your crops and improve your lands, and the joyous emotions coming from such a condition of things.

There can be no doubt that the plan suggested is the simplest, surest and cheapest of all that can be practically carried out. Whilst we have known for years how a fine crop of pea vines benefitted the land yet we hesitated to use them in this way because it looked like making and giving away one fine crop to make another, not estimating the great good the land received from them, besides the increased crop they caused to be made. But upon practice, we find this is not so, as we are simply giving the succeeding crop a better manuring than we could do in any other way, and most of our lands should be well manured any how. That great old patriot and farmer, Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, said years ago, that the pea constituted the great remedy for Southern agricultural exhaustion, and that where the soil was totally exhausted of potash, phosphoric acid and chlorine, that peas alone or even combined with lime could not restore these elements to the soil. Fortunately such is rarely so in our soils in which case resort should be had to other means, such as bone dust and gypsum, stable manure and guano; either will help the pea amazingly in providing a more luxuriant vine which is sure to eliminate from a lateral state enough of these elements to enrich the land. If lands ever made food crops they surely can be made to do so again, simply by the plan here suggested, for it is but science reduced to practice and many about us are practicing what they preach on this subject. After all, science is nothing more than properly cultivated common sense, directed to the investigation of facts relating to any subject, and its value to the farmer has been simply and well illustrated in the recuperation of worn lands by the use of the pea vine in the manner herein and heretofore suggested. There are very many who anxiously

enquire how their worn lands can be recovered without the use of such a quantity of stable manure and cotton seed as it is impracticable to obtain, and yet when told how they purely can do so; because they think they have some piece of crop, measurably poor at that, which needs the plowing at the time when the peas should be sown and ploughed under, they have not the time to do so; and after than is supposed the little yellow thing called a crop is more hurt than improved by the plowing it gets at that season of the year. Let us throw away the old bag that our grand parents used to carry pumpkins in and try to grow them so large that it will be necessary to provide a new plan of conveyance.

THE NEW DEPARTURE.

A Strange Tale by a Preacher.

The Presiding Elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, which includes about a dozen counties in the northeastern section of North Carolina, tells the following remarkable snake story upon the authority of one of the pious itinerants under his ecclesiastical direction. There can be no doubt of its entire truth, strange as the narrative is, and it suggests the existence of many a mystery in the economy of the lower orders of creation which has thus far eluded the most minute and searching scientific investigation. When the minister was a boy he went out one day with his bow and arrows and loitered leisurely along the roadside, testing his marksmanship upon various objects. Coming to where a shallow brook, called in the South a branch, crossed the highway, he observed a snake, of the deadly species known as the moccasins, basking in the sunlight. He shot all his arrows at the formidable reptile, wounding him in several places, and repeated the pastime till the snake was to all appearances dead. Seeing a party of colored persons approaching at a distance, the boy took the wounded snake in his hands and laid him in a coil in the middle of the path, and then hid himself in the bushes to see what the negroes would do when they came to the spot. In a few moments another snake of the same kind glided out from the thicket and went up to his wounded fellow and examined him. Then darting back into the covert he returned with some leaves in his mouth, pieces of which he placed carefully upon the wounds, making them adhere like plasters. The apparently dead snake immediately began to revive, and soon recovered his power of locomotion and crawled away to the woods. Have the snakes doctors? This incident looks that way.

Charity for the Fallen.

Never say anything damaging to the good name of a woman, it matters not how poor she may be or what her place in society. They have a hard enough time at best, and God help the man who would give them a kick down the hill. We are all too free with their names—we talk too much about them and we do very wrong. The least little hint that there is something wrong, that "she ain't all right," whether spoken in jest or in earnest, is taken up and unlike the rolling stone gathers moss as it goes from place to place and at last comes home to the persecuted creatures with crushing weight. She has done nothing but keep quiet while her idle persecutors have pursued her, and now she is kicked from door to door, and is fallen so low that none do her reverence. Give a dog a bad name and you had as well kill him—talk about a good woman on the streets and across bar-room counters, and you had as well set her down as a social wreck. No one wants to help her. We don't want so much theoretical religion; we want a kind of blue jeans and homespun pity that will do for the wash-tub and the kitchen as well as the drawing-room and parlor—a sort of universal honesty that will not think a woman a thief because she happens to wear a sun bonnet and walk across the street with a string of mackerel in her hand. There is nothing wrong in manual labor and honest poverty is a sure passport to heaven.

The head waiter at one of the hotels in the White Mountains is a Harvard graduate of the class of 1876.

Grape Culture.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

I have frequently wondered why our farmers so generally used whiskey as a stimulating beverage, a great deal of which being of an impure kind, manufactured from drugs that are destructive to life and health (I do not say that we cannot get a pure article of whiskey, but I do say when we do get it, it is an "exception," when it is within the reach of every farmer to supply himself and family with the pure juice of the grape. I mean the scuppernon—"a grape to the manor born," and which never fails in producing its annual crop. It is not affected by blight or insects, never injured by cold. The writer knows one farmer who has cultivated them for twenty years, and has never had a failure.

I will give you, Mr. Editor, his mode of culture, hoping it may induce our people to cultivate them and make therefrom a beverage infinitely superior to all the stimulating liquors now so universally used; a beverage of the pure juice of the grape. I would right here put in another important claim for this grape. It is in my judgment among the best, if not the very best, table grape of our Southern country.

Nine vines properly arranged, planted, manured, and cultivated will in a few years cover 90 feet square, and will yield 100 gallons of superior wine. Planting must be from rooted vines and 30 feet apart, should be planted in the month of November. Plough the ground eight or ten inches deep, digging holes four feet in diameter, eighteen inches deep, fill the holes with soil from fence corners, or muck from ponds or swamps, mixing with about four pounds of acid phosphate or six pounds of flour of phosphate, place a pest in the centre of hole to train vine to; be careful to lay the roots well out, have them about two inches below the surface of the ground, water occasionally, especially if the seasons are dry. When they commence growing rub off all the buds or canes but three and train them up the posts. When they have reached about seven feet, which will be about the second year, erect for them trellis to run on, let them be just high enough to be reached when standing on the ground. Put down four posts at the distance of five feet from centre post so as to make a square; across each two post lay a rail or piece of scantling, ten or twelve feet long (I use rails split for fencing) and on these lay rails split flatter or smaller. This gives a trellis of from ten to twelve feet square. In one or two years it will be necessary to extend your trellis by putting two post down midway between your older post, and on them put rails as before. In this way in a short time the ninety feet square will be covered. It will be necessary to manure every year until the whole surface is completely shaded. Gather all the old bones and pile around the vines, and give them an occasional dose of phosphate flour or acid phosphate, and they will very soon amply pay for all expense and trouble.

GRAPE VINE.

The Position of Radical Leaders.

Every Democratic paper in the country should, during the next year, take particular pains to show the treasonable attitude the Republican leaders assumed during the extra session of Congress with reference to the Union. Their clearly defined purpose is to provincialize the States and nullify the Federal government as one of delegated, limited and restricted powers, and substitute therefor a powerful centralized authority, which will wholly exclude the people from participation in the government, and consequently destroy the Union and the republic. If these treasonable designs are emphatically ventilated, we will shortly see these blatant conspirators begin to hedge and finally swear they never entertained any such views. They must be compelled to humble themselves before the American people, whom they have grievously insulted, and beg their pardon.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Magistrate—"What! A man can be cruel enough to maltreat his lawful wedded wife, and even hurl a plate at her head?" Prisoner—"But, your Honor, do you know my wife?" Magistrate—"I have not the honor." Prisoner—"Then just go slow."

Memory for the Dead.

A bereft husband strolled upon the seashore to grieve alone over the wreck of his human ambition and happiness—the death of his wife. There is ever a sweet, plaintive, responsive sent the groaning heart from the great "sad sea," and the murmur of the waves lull to rest, upon a downy couch, in divine repose, the meditations of the tortured mind and bruised heart. This grief stricken wanderer saw at his feet a broken shell, and placing it to his ear, heard within it yet the echo of the ocean; taking a pencil he wrote, upon the shell:

"Oh! memory in life's broken shell,
Why not in losing all,
Lapse thee as well?"

How many thousand, who mourn to-day, the death of a fond relative or friend, would not, if they could, lose the murmur that lingers in the heart, and say with the sad poet, that as I am broken and ruined, why not let me lose all—even memory, and yet they cling to that memory in tears and prayers. The shell was broken, but the murmur had crept up into the tinted recess, there to repeat its native echo.

And so with the heart, when once love is placed there, with most sacred of all ties—marriage—it will linger there though the felt-debtor break the shell. The murmur will repeat the song that was born, the day this love was placed within their wedded hearts. The blow may bend the life of the stricken mate, and the billows of grief dash their heart, ruthlessly, but the star of hope gleams amid the tempest, and the anguished bosom calms beneath the sacred promise, "I am the resurrection and the life, Saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Were it not for this promise the murmur of love would be too hopeless to dwell within a human heart, the unlimited depravity and hopelessness would not, could not, realize the claim of love, or the voice of a delicate sentiment. Memory would drown in the slough of despair, and love perish with the object that created it! It is that blessed hope and belief in the "communion of saints" that gives memory for the dead its life. "Hopeless grief is passionless," and must die when the sudden burst of anguish is over. The memory for the dead is the most sacred of all human associations. The silver chain of love telescopes on earth and woven to completeness, with golden links in Heaven, hold us in perpetual and rapturous fetters. When we look over the scenes of the past in which the departed loved one was a joyous participant, painfully the heart bleeds, and the anguished bosom breathes a silent prayer. Our tears and sighs are seen and heard, I believe, by our sainted ones, and as they are the highest testimonials we can render of our devotion, we are blessed when we offer them. Rich are those who have a treasure in Heaven! and while it often costs the sacrifice of every earthly joy to possess this treasure, it is therefore more to be treasured, "Despise not the chastening of the Lord," but alas! many do. Lord Bacon says: "It is better to have no opinion of the Creator than one which is unbecoming to Him." When God smites us, and afflict us by taking away those we most loved, we deem it unmerciful—but if we will think of the infinitely grander welfare of those whom He has called, we can no longer entertain this unbecoming feeling; such a feeling is selfishness, purely.

The memory for the dead is given us for some wise purpose, and it is our duty not only to submit, to the will of God, but to struggle to meet the demands made upon us by this judgment or chastisement. Do nothing unworthy of the memory of the sainted one; and cherish their memory with a devotion strengthened by a claim upon the riches of Heaven. The heart must ache; it is lonely. Nights must be spent in tears and sighs, because your voice, calling them back, meets no responsive answer, but perishes in painful silence and your tears flow on. Days even amid "pleasures and palaces" are bedimmed by the eclipse of your earthly joy, and all your worldly efforts to gain solace in a race with grief will be futile still. There is but one comforter—Jesus Christ who said: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Notes from Sandy Run.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

Having visited Sandy Run, I thought it would not be uninteresting to our farmers to inform them, as nearly as possible, of the condition of the crops, in that section of the country. Some of the leading farmers say that the cotton crop is equally as good as last year, although not as large, but better fruited. The cause of it being smaller, they think, is on account of suffering so long for rain, which they did not get, so as to do any marked good, from the 16th of May up to the 24th of July. The corn crop is injured in some places, in others it is an average crop; in the swamp, however, it is, taken on an average a little better than last year. The rain has been very heavy ever since it commenced, and there is some danger of its injuring the cotton seriously, in making it throw off its fruit. The small grain crops were above average, and particularly the wheat, as most of the farmers made abundance to do them this year. This should be an encouragement to our farmers to plant more small grain that the expense of their family food might be reduced to a smaller sum. The farmers, principally the young men of said section, have organized a debating society, which is an attractive but on the once lively and flourishing rose bush of Sandy Run; and it will bring to light many a spark which had grown dim. With such men as officers, with such young men as debaters, and with such young ladies as encouraging instruments, as they have, the society will ultimately upset the indifference of out-siders or critics. If the good people of Sandy Run continue to manifest the interest they have of late in the improvement of their homes, and work at the same time so cheerfully for their country, they will soon shake off the old scars left by the ravaging hand of the last war. STILTONIAN.

Help Yourself.

Fight your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of any one and you will succeed five thousand times better than he who is always beseeching some one's patronage. No one will help you as you will yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one, perhaps; carrying your own way up the mountains, you make each one lead to another, and stand firm in that while you chop still another out. Men who have made fortunes are not those who had \$2,000 given them to start with but started fair with a well earned dollar or two. Men who have by their exertions acquired fame, have not been thrust into popularity by puff, begged or paid for, or given in a friendly spirit. They have outstretched their hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their wooing, and I never knew a man to fail so signally as the one who had induced his affectionate grandmother to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, fun, love, money or for any thing else, work with your hands and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer. Never let any man bark, to say, "I have dragged you up." Too many friends hurt a man more than none at all.

A Wise Painter.

They have a wise sign painter in Detroit. Likewise a woman who knows a good chance to improve her prospects when she sees one. The other day a lady opened a small millinery store and engaged a painter to paint her a sign. When it came home she saw that it read: "Mrs. J. Blank," etc., and she called out, "You have got an extra 's' in Mrs., and you must paint the sign over again." The painter saw the error, but he did not want the job of correcting it, and he replied: "Madam, haven't you had two husbands?" "Yes, sir." "You were a Mrs. when you lost the first?" "I was." "And do you think a woman can go on marrying forever and not lengthen out her title?" Mrs. means a woman has been twice married, and is young enough to marry again, and only yesterday a rich old gentleman was in our shop, and said if he had any idea that you were heart free he'd come up." "Oh, well, you can nail up the sign," she interrupted. And it is there to-day.

A Painful Scene.

One morning while seven or eight citizens were holding down chairs and boxes in a Michigan avenue grocery, and unanimously agreeing that this was the greatest country on earth, a stranger entered and said: "Gentlemen, I suppose you are all familiar with politics?" "We are," they replied in chorus. "And you know all about the fundamental principles of liberty?" "We do." "Well, I'm glad on it, for I've made a bet with a fellow back there as to how the reading of the constitution begins. One of you just write me down the first ten words."

While he felt for a stub of a pencil every man began scratching his head and cautiously eyeing his neighbor. One began muttering: "Now I lay me—," and a second said something about "Resolved," and a third wrote on the top of a cracker-box: "On motion, it was voted that—that—." There was a great deal of coughing and sneezing and nose blowing, when a boy came in and said the stranger's horse had run away. He rushed out, and seven faces brightened up and smiled, and seven men took fresh chews of tobacco and tried not to look too important when the grocer said: "The constitution? Why, every one of you can repeat it by heart with your eyes shut—of course you can."

Information Wanted.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

The recent severe drought will (or should) make every farmer don his "studying cap," and I propose to ask of those who have experience in such matters the following questions:

1st. Are the blades of sorghum cured as fodder good for work animals? or is it injurious? I have enquired, but the usual reply is "they say" it will kill stock by clogging.

2d. How can the stubble of sugar cane be securely protected through the winter when left in the ground where grown the present season? The object is to use all the available cane for syrup, and procure seed from the stubble. Last winter much of my stubble remained alive without any attention and is growing finely, when manured, and looks more luxuriant than that from the cane planted in the usual way.

I trust the "knowing ones" will reply through your columns as "hearsay" goes for nothing with

AGRICOLA.

The Farmer.

It does one's heart good to see a pleasant-faced farmer. So independent and yet so free from vanity and pride; so rich and yet so industrious; so patient and persevering in his calling, and yet so kind, sociable and obliging. There are a thousand noble traits about his character. Eat and drink with him and he won't set a mark on you, and sweat it out of you with double compound interest; some people will; you are welcome. He will do you a kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation—it is not so with everybody. He is usually more honest and sincere, less disposed to deal in law and underhand cunning, than many other people. He gives to society its best support, its firmest pillar that supports the edifice of government. He is the lord of nature. Look at him in his plain attire; laugh at him if you will, but believe he can laugh back if he pleases.

More Radical Rascality.

It would seem that chronic rascality permeates the Radical party from centre to circumference—from Washington city to the remotest bounds of official service. As an evidence of this Col. Mosby, now Consul at Hong-Kong, in a recent letter to the State Department, states that forty thousand dollars of the consular fees which belong to the government, collected at that office before his arrival, have not been accounted for, and that, for the last seventeen years, of the fees collected under the law regulating Chinese emigration, he should judge that at least two hundred thousand dollars have not been reported to the treasury.

It devolves upon the Republican leaders to prove that the Treasury Department has not often secretly printed millions of dollars to carry elections for the Republican party, and subsequently pretended that the over issue was counterfeit.

Subjects for Reflection.

PROVIDENCE, S. C., Aug. 5, 1879.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

"Trustee" in your issue of August 1st, has spoken fully on the subject of Free Schools and female competence. How utterly absurd to think of a lady pretending to teach when not qualified! It is preposterous in the extreme. Allow me, Mr. Editor, the privilege of asking a few questions: Are all men competent to fill offices of trust and honor? Are all successful in their avocations of life? Whether farmer, (who is the world's producer,) merchant, lawyer, mechanic or doctor. Do you not know, Mr. Editor, that there are incompetent practitioners of medicine? And alas! many have been killed (I can't say otherwise) through their ignorance of the practice of physic. Such cannot be said of woman. Her great trepidity of doing wrong will keep her within that sphere of purity for which she was alone created. But enough, or the "lords of creation" will think I want the last word. A suggestion to our worthy School Commissioner, through your valuable columns: Would it not give more universal satisfaction for the patrons to co-operate with the trustees in electing teachers for their schools? Maybe then worthy widow ladies would be elected and get what is due them as persons of refinement and culture.

The Fair is coming on, and as usual the country folks are solicited to contribute. What for, may I ask? To work for months in advance on an article for exhibition and receive nothing; or to be rewarded by hearing some one of the managers say, "Oh, it will do to fill up." Such language is quite complimentary to our sensibilities, and many have resolved not to assist in "filling up" any more. Now, if the county really wants the Fair to be a complete success, act justly towards the inhabitants of the rural districts in rewarding according to merit, and you will have the universal support of the people.

The showery weather which has lasted about two weeks has cleared off, and thereby urges farmers to cure fodder that the drought did not "cook."

Was Quinine advanced in price in spite of the absence of the revenue tax? One of your popular drug stores retails it at four dollars and eighty cents per ounce. If fevers should commence, I would ignorantly (?) prescribe dogwood berries and cotton seed tea as a sure cure. There is an opening here for a lodge of the Knights of Honor. My article is varied in sentiment, but what is the spice of life?

JOHN JOZE.

"I was once very shy," said Sydney Smith, "but it was not long before I made two very useful discoveries: First, that all mankind were not solely employed in observing me (a belief that all young people have); the next, that shamming was of no use, that the world was very clear-sighted, and soon estimated a man at his just value. This cured me, and I determined to be natural and let the world find me out."

The sea is the largest of all cemeteries and its numbers sleep without monuments. Over their remains the same storms beat and the same requiem by minstrels of the ocean is sung to their honor; there unmarked the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored are alike undistinguished.

The Kentucky State election came off on the 5th, and resulted in an overwhelming Democratic victory. Several precincts, which last year were carried by the Greenback party, were carried this year by the Democrats. The Greenbackers and Nationals made no sort of a fight this time.

Keep cool if you can; don't drink anything with alcoholic poison in it; eat sparingly of plain, simple food; keep a good conscience; read the DEMOCRAT regularly, but don't forget to pay for it. By a close observance of the above rules you will live until you die.

We all of us are apt to prate about our independence of character, and yet the notice of a great man affects most folks just as a pat on the head does a puppy.

There is nothing lower than hypocrisy. To profess friendship and act enmity is a proof of total depravity.